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LONG'S DAILY CARTOON.



Opinion that doesn't

A NEW POINT FOR MOLENEUX.

THE informal opinion of Justice Furman as to expert evidence on handwriting suggests a new theory as to the policy of the defense in declining to call witnesses for Roland Molineux.

It is well understood that the prosecution in the Molineux case won its verdict chiefly on the handwriting testimony. Yet a great many people who believe the verdict just in itself have objected to the precedent of convicting a prisoner in a capital case on what they deem to be such unsubstantial evidence as one or two men's opinions of another man's Q's and quills. It certainly seems that a little positive contradiction by experts equally well-versed with those produced by the prosecution might have caused embarrassment, at least, in the Molineux jury-room.

But if the point can be well made, as Justice Furman intimates, that handwriting experts can only testify in criminal cases where writing is the issue, as in forgery trials, perhaps the forbearance of the defense is understood. Sustained in the Appellate Court, this point will mean everything to the waiting prisoner at Sing Sing. The Furman opinion may not be so new to Mr. Weeks et al. as it is to the public.

POLITICS AND THE GOVERNOR.

GOV. ROOSEVELT starts for the West tomorrow. Lieut.-Gov. Woodruff is already on the ocean bound for London. For a week in opening July Senator "Tim" Ellisworth, whose statesmanship consists largely in his distance for cartoonists, will be the acting executive of the State.

Gov. Roosevelt's further programme includes a few days of campaigning in Minnesota in mid-July and three weeks on the stump in his own State, beginning Aug. 20. After that he will be at the disposal of the Republican National Committee.

Gov. Roosevelt's term ends on the 31st day of the coming December. It appears possible, but with some dependence upon the result of the election, that the Empire State will get about three months of the Rough Rider's official attention out of his remaining six in office.

Politics is the very deuce when it gets a firm grip on a strenuous life.

MORE THAN RUSSIA'S ARMY.

TURN aside for a moment from Russia's threatened mobilization of an army of 2,000,000 men. That is not the only host at present conspicuous in the world's eye. There is a grand army of 3,500,000 members, representing the wide world, which is preparing to mobilize a splendid representative corps in England even as these words are being written. The American detachment has already sailed from these shores.

The Christian Endeavorers we call the soldiers in this army. Their standard is that of peace—a peace they are willing to fight for. They come from America, England, France, Germany, Italy—even from darkened and beleaguered China. They are young soldiers, too, with strong hands, earnest hearts and quick minds.

This army has to be reckoned with. It cannot be neglected in the study of world influences. It will be a daring prophet who attempts, however, to forecast the result of the pending descent of 50,000 Endeavorers upon the British capital.

Wu Ting Fang is to orate in Philadelphia on the Fourth of July. Probably the firecracker will rejoice that, for the first time in history, something else Chinese is to have a say on the Glorious.

The Chicago whose head appears on the new \$1 silver certificate is not to be confused with the Papa of the Country. This one is an Indian ancestor.

Considering that the fix of even the best American champagne lasts but forty-nine minutes, wasn't it kind to unbutton WINE Sulzer's boom so quick?

Senator Bryan's harvested wheat is now good as gold. Why should he care to thresh it down to silver?

Chicago College has made Mark Hanna a Doctor of Divinity. The honor certainly knows what ails 'em.

That walks like a man is developing quite

They have now reached the point of having

They have now reached the point of having

They have now reached the point of having

They have now reached the point of having

They have now reached the point of having

They have now reached the point of having

They have now reached the point of having

\$10 A WEEK ENOUGH TO MARRY ON.

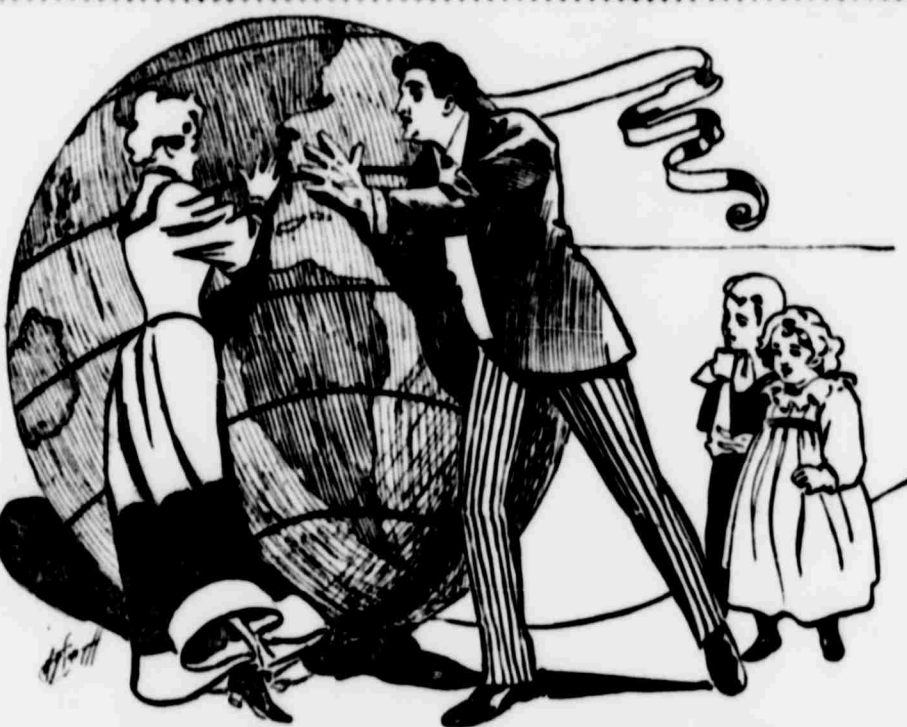
By LAURA JEAN LIBBEY.

THIS time it is a young man who is disturbed by the conflicting thoughts which confront matrimony.

My advice to "Anxious Robert" is: If you have found a young girl whom you are sure you love and are equally confident that your affection is returned, marry her if she will be content to share the humble home you could give her. It is wisest and best for a man to marry young. There is nothing on earth which puts ambition into

It is a delight to feel that there is some one in this great, cruel, jostling world to whom we are dear.

It is also well to begin the rearing of one's family when the parents are young, strong and hopeful, and ambitious. You do not notice the years as they glide along. You are reminded of them forcibly, however, some day when you feel yourself falling in health and strength, when strong, young, willing hands lift the burden from your shoulders and take it upon their own.



A WIFE AIDS A MAN IN HIS FIGHT AGAINST THE WORLD.

A man like the knowledge that he has a wife and children dependent upon him; that will bring forth his true metal and cause him to put heart, soul and energy into his work.

It costs little more to support two than one, or one or two little ones added to the list for that matter, if the helpmate you have chosen be a frugal and sensible girl.

There will be many a little luxury and even comfort and necessities which must be done without, but the cheery smile of the glad young wife who comes to meet you at the door of your little home when you return tired from the day's anxieties will more than repay you for the sacrifice.

They are old enough to come to your assistance when you need them more.

The man who remains single, waiting to be in a position to support a wife handsomely as he weds, usually gets onto the aged bachelor list ere that time occurs.

Of what use is a family to such a man? He dies while they are yet little children; he will never know what a comfort they might have been had he married earlier in life and gathered them about his knees, and they will never know the joy of a father's watchful care and companionship, poor souls!

Marry and start your home, young man, and the sooner the better.

LAURA JEAN LIBBEY.

JUST IN EARNEST AND IN JEST.

By LEE FAIRCHILD.

Some eye was made to see
The homeliest to be
Most beautiful and seem
A marvel and a dream.

NO doubt some of our readers do not travel on their looks, but have to take street cars, ferry-boats or, what is worse, the Fifth Avenue coach, which ought to be out West and held up every ten miles. It is possible that some of them have been made believe that they are not beautiful. If they

But remember that somewhere in this many-eyed world an eye has been so fashioned that to it you are an Ophelia for sure, and that without seeing you the possessor of that particular eye would have gone out of this "open-door" globe thinking that it contained not one beautiful creature in it.

If your looking-glass says you are homely it lies, and you should smash it, at the risk of breaking a chair.

I myself, who am fairly attractive to those not in need of an oculist, have found a mirror here and there that was a regular Ananias—and smash it went! For looking-glasses are quite human; some say that you are pretty and some others say that you are just pretty nearly pretty.

Why, I hired a room in a hotel recently out in the country where I was going to lecture, and its mirror was so "skewampered" it made me resemble, as a composite, several people that I wouldn't look like for a lot of money, hard up as I am.

Later, as I went onto the stage to speak, I imagined that I resembled Senator Ingalls disguised as Jerry Simpson, and the consciousness of that fact led me to speak so poorly that the audience seconded the motion of one of my hearers that they had heard enough, having their money's worth, before I was half through speaking.

Well, people are like mirrors in the eye—many of them are "skewampered" and do not see things just as they are. You remember Longfellow says things are not what they seem. And Shakespeare, who left little unaided, remarked that "every Jack has his Jill." There are quite a number of "Jills" around. I see them on the street corners and in the cars. Are they homely? Not when Jack sees them.

And so we are all beautiful, and Cupid, who is reputed to blind us, opens our eyes to the fact that if the eye of the observer were made for the observed in that observation there is a world of beauty.

LOOKING TRUTHFUL, TELLING LIES.

Two will-rose leaves crimped round in bows.

Forming the pretty mouth.

Of a maiden from the South;

Two drops of dew wherein she glows

Starlight—ah, lo, her eyes.

Looking truthful, telling lies!

A FOULARD GOWN.



The feature of this pretty gown is the arrangement of the lace insertion on the bolero, which gives the decolette effect to the bolero, which stamps it as one of the latest. Another distinctive note of the gown is the band of lemon yellow panne, the gown being an ordinary foulard of white-patterned black, with a element of pink. The hat carries out the yellow note in having yellow roses under the brim.

NOVEL FRUIT RECIPES.

Oranges With Jelly.

Oranges filled with jelly make an attractive dessert. Select half a dozen oranges; make an opening at one end, not more than half an inch in diameter. With a small spoon remove all the pulp from the interior. After this has been done soak the skins in cold water for thirty minutes and then again scrape the interior smooth and clean. Rinse the skins again and set them aside to drain. Next prepare some jelly, using your own taste about the color or colors, and in the meantime have the orange skins surrounded with chopped ice. Fill the skins with the jelly and let it harden. When firm cut the oranges into quarters and serve.

Banana Pudding.

To make banana pudding dissolve one and one-half tablespoons of gelatin in one quart of boiling water. Add three-quarters of a cupful of sugar and the juice of two lemons. Put one-half inch layer of the mixture in a bowl and set it in a cool place until it is stiff. Scatter on its surface a few slices of banana and pour on another half inch layer of the jelly. Let this stiffen, and proceed in the same manner until the jelly is all used. When it is set remove it to a pretty dish and arrange slices of banana over the top and sides. Serve it with whipped cream.

Pineapple Fanci.

Pineapple fancies, or stuffed pineapple, is a seasonal now that the pines are plentiful and good. The top of the fruit is cut off a short distance below the green tuft and the contents of the lower part taken out to within a quarter of an inch of the rind all round, leaving the shell slightly thicker at the bottom. The tender part of what has been taken out, together with blanched almonds, is chopped fine and mixed with grated fresh coconut, orange juice, or, if preferred, very thin half slices of oranges. The mixture is then returned to the hollowed-out pine and the top, which has been carefully wiped free of any dust that may cling to the stiff green leaves, is replaced and the fruit set in the ice box to chill thoroughly for an hour before serving.

A VEGETARIAN CHURCH.

There is a noticeable increase of vegetarianism in Philadelphia. At the corner of Park avenue and Berks street there is a church whose attendants are all vegetarians. It is an Evangelical church, and differs in its creed from other denominations in the fact that its members are pledged to forego a diet of flesh.

M'SLICKIGIN'S VISIT TO THE PARIS EXPOSITION.

HE WRITES HOME ABOUT THE WONDERFUL THINGS HE SEES AND MANAGES TO MAGNIFY HIS EXPERIENCES WITHOUT EXACTLY PREVARICATING.



My apartments are in the Rue de la Madeleine. How I wish you were here to share them with me.



Thursday I had quite a talk with a charming young lady from Algiers. I have her photo.



I have already taken in several "French balls."



I walked out last evening with my hostess's fair daughter. We strolled through the most romantic part of the grounds and were the observed of all observers.



I went out driving with several Americans yesterday.



Last week I had a disagreeable "affair" with French officers.



However, we smoothed the matter over and I spent the evening with them.



I dine regularly near the Salle des Fêtes. It is a very exclusive neighborhood.

RED CROSS DOGS OF WAR.



Dogs are the latest additions to the theoretical warfare which Germany is waging in order to keep her troops up to date in everything. Great Danes, a breed famous for its ferocity, strength and tenacity of purpose, are trained to attack the cycle corps of the enemy, but by far the most interesting service which dogs perform on the German sham battlefields is that of ambulance and bearer work, and to such an extent has the work developed that a Society of Red Cross Dogs has been in existence since 1893. Only Scotch collies are trained for this purpose. They bear a saddle with a large red cross displayed thereon, and attached to this is a flask, dressing for wounds and other accessories. They are so well schooled that they will scent out a man, no matter how obscurely he may be placed, and, having supplied him with first aid requirements, they return to the relieving party and bring up human assistance. Strangely, too, the dogs work better at night than in daylight.—Illustration from London Sketch.

BIRTHDAY LUCK.

Saturday, June 30.

If your birthday falls on to-morrow this is the luck the year has in store for you. The year and hour of your birth make no difference.

It is not favorable, so be guarded in all affairs.

Your coming year needs close attention, and though it will be a quiet one, yet disturbances are spoken of. Care is needed in sickness and in matters of a contentious nature. Be cheerful.—Copyrighted by Sphinx Magazine, Boston.

WANTED HER OWN WAY.

Said the cook to Kate, the upstairs girl,
"Wot did the Missus say,
Did she want me quick to pack me things,
Or beg me now to stay?"

"If she says to quit, begone, I won't
For I've kum here to stay.
If she says 'Don't go,' I'm off at wunest,
I'm bound to have me way."
—F. W. Doolittle, In The Caterer.

LETTERS TO THE EVENING WORLD.

Half Holidays for Harlem.

To the Editor of the Evening World:
The Humanity League of Newark, N. J., has recently been organized to bring about a general observance of the Saturday half-holiday during July and August. As there are business houses in Harlem which keep open not only Saturday afternoon, but Saturday evening, an organization of this kind would not be out of place. Perhaps if this matter was brought before the public it might be the means of the Saturday half-holiday being observed in Harlem as well as in the downtown district. Let Harlemites discuss this.
HAZEL GREENE.

Better Consult an Oculist.

To the Editor of the Evening World:
I am troubled a great deal with my eyes. If I read half an hour or so my eyes begin to ache and feel very sore. If I work in the store at night the gas hurts my eyes very much. What shall I do?
G. E. L.

Prefers Men for School Teachers.

To the Editor of the Evening World:
In reply to "H. C. B." asking readers "Which is the best for a school teacher—man or woman—and why?" will say: A man, because he has more judgment and is not so harsh and cranky. He has no favorites and he will not tease a scholar and throw slurs and mockery at him. His language to his class is different. Will readers give opinions of the woman teacher in this light?
R. C. F.

FEATHERED VENTRILOQUIST.

MANY birds form their sounds without opening their bills. The pigeon is a well-known instance of this. Its cooing can be distinctly heard, although it does not open its bill. The call is formed internally in the throat and chest, and is only rendered audible by resonance. Similar ways may be observed in many birds and other animals. The clear, loud call of the cuckoo, according to one naturalist, is the resonance of a note formed in the third. The whirring of the snipe, which betrays the approach of the bird to the hunter, is an act of ventriloquism. Even the nightingale has certain notes which are produced internally and which are audible while the bill is closed.

VAUDEVILLE AT A DISTANCE.

The telephonic is meeting with favor in England. There are many places in the leading streets of London where any one can, by the payment of a small fee, be switched for a quarter of an hour onto any of the music halls.

AN ILLITERATE COUNTRY.

Roumania would appear to be the most illiterate country in Europe. The last census shows that in a population of nearly six millions nearly four millions can neither read nor write, and that only a little over a million have any education at all.

STORIES ABOUT CHILDREN.

"GRANDMA," said small Tommy, "would you like to have some nice chocolate candy?"
"Yes, dear," answered grandma.
"All right," said the shrewd youngster, "if you'll buy me some I'll give you half."

"HARRY," aged six, and his little four-year-old sister, Margie, were watching the soldiers march by.
"You don't know where they are going," said Harry.
"Oh, yes, I do," replied Margie, "they are going to shoot the chutes."

LITTLE Clara's governess was reading to her one morning from the history of England. After listening attentively to the statement that Henry I. never laughed after the death of his son, she said: "I wonder what he did when he was tickled?"

KATIE and Willie are twins, aged five. During a recent visit to their grandparents who live in the country and keep chickens the twins were cautioned in their strife to see which could find the most eggs never to take away the nest eggs. One morning Katie reached a nest first, and seeing the forbidden egg, started for the house. Willie hurried after her shouting: "Grandma! Grandma! Katie's got the egg the old hen measures by!"

A FIJI FOOD HOOK.



Here is a hook used by the Fijians to hang his food out of reach of the swarms of ants that infest his dwelling. It is cut from a solid block of wood, and is intended to be suspended from the rafters. Illustration from Everybody's Magazine.

A GOOD NOTICE.

In a small lot of literary curiosities recently offered for sale in London was the following printed notice, which used to be exhibited on the walls of the Every Lane Coffee-House about 1822: "It is particularly requested by the company that those who are learning to spell will ask for yesterday's paper."